

W. P. WALTON.

The papers are publishing a cock and bull story to the effect that Mr. Tilden, incensed at President Cleveland for asking his advice in regard to certain appointments in New York and then ignoring his suggestions entirely, has broken with the administration and will hereafter refuse to counsel, aid or comfort. The appointment of postmaster Pearson at New York was the primary cause of the breach, which was widened beyond reclamation by the subsequent appointment of Hadden and the other federal officers of the city of New York. The story goes on to say that when Mr. Cleveland was in that city on the occasion of the Grant obsequies, Mr. Tilden refused to see him or Mr. Manning, the latter of whom got a severe tongue lashing from one of the satellites of the Sage of Grammercy Park. There is probably no truth in the story. Mr. Tilden is too great and too wise a man to act in so childish a manner, or to use his private resentments to the damage of the democratic party. The stuff is evidently a very weak invention of the enemy.

The women of Lexington seem to have an elephant on their hands, so to speak, in Hart's statue of Woman triumphant. The figure is perfectly nude, not even a Mother Hubbard shutting out the view of those portions of female loveliness not usually exposed and the ladies fear it will be indelicate to exhibit her, even though she be but cold and silent marble. This furnishes Falcon with a text and in Saturday's *Times* he writes in his usual entertaining vein about it, concluding "that if the ladies will add six or eight inches to the necks of their ball dresses, they may turn loose all their fiery, untamed marble statues on the dunes with impunity." As we Frenchmen would say, this seems a case where *boni soit qui mal y pense*, could be worked in very effectively.

The news comes from Washington that Senator Blackburn has entered an earnest protest against the removal of Capt. Murphy as superintendent of the public building at Frankfort. This is passing strange if true, but it is gratifying to know that Blackburn's protests are as worthless as his endorsements are below par with the present administration, and that the most disquieting of partisans will have to go. It is certainly in order though for Blackburn to explain this most remarkable of his many cranky acts.

The *Three Forks Enterprise*, published at Beattyville, is a well-mannered newspaper. It is a weekly, smaller than this paper, with one side printed in Cincinnati and but six or eight columns to be set up weekly at home, and yet the following array of talent floats from its mast head so to speak: J. W. F. Williams, editor; J. F. Sutton, local editor and Brownlow Jameson, solicitor and business manager. If they don't have a good easy time it is their own fault. The wonder to us is how they manage to kill time.

The speech of Col. E. Plott Johnson at the reunion of the Orphan Brigade at Glasgow stamps him as an orator of the first degree. The Col. is one of the most versatile of men and is as much at home on the rostrum as when he is calling the roll of the legislature or occupying a three-legged chair in his dingy six story office, grinding out good things for the *Times*.

The old ticket of Hoadly and Warwick, for governor and lieutenant governor, was nominated in Ohio, and a platform endorsing the "administration of Cleveland's cabinet" adopted. It is a matter of small moment what the alleged democrats of Ohio do or say, and it is therefore useless to waste space in printing their platform.

SOME fifteen or twenty candidates are already announced in the Richmond Register for county office to be filled by the election a year hence and the Democratic County Committee has named Oct. 10th as the day for the primary election to settle their claims. This seems to be taking time by the forelock as it were.

The movements of the Grant family continue to be the subject of many newspaper telegrams. Haven't we had a quantum sufficit of this sort? They are no more than "other folks and in the name of mercy we cry for a rest. Let the Grants go to Guinea, to the devil, anywhere, but let us hear no more about them.

O. H. WADDELL, Esq., of Somerset, is announced in the *Reporter* as a candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney of this district and the editor takes occasion to pay him a very handsome and merited compliment. Mr. Waddell is a clever gentleman and a good lawyer.

The second issue of the *Yosemite News* has reached us. It is a very creditable sheet and ought to do well in a field almost entirely unoccupied. It hardly looked ten years ago that Casey would have a newspaper, so soon at least.

The suspension of the *Chicago Current* is announced. While clean and pure in make-up, it never seemed to fill a long-felt want, though astonishing statements of its financial success have been frequently sent out.

The Pennsylvania Supreme court has decided that a man is not legally liable to support his mother-in-law and married men pronounce it the gem of judicial wisdom.

Tate's exact majority over Fox for State Treasurer is 67,597. Good enough for an off year.

OF THE 380,861 persons entitled to vote in the State, but 102,992 voted for calling a Constitutional Convention. This is a slight gain over 1883, but even at the rate of increase, the probability is that we will not have a Convention before 1910. If we are bound to have it before, the sovereigns must take the short cut.

A VIRGINIA girl-wife furnishes the latest exhibition of woman's devotion. Her husband was put in jail and she, unable to live without him, as she imagined, committed a theft so as to be incarcerated in the same bastille.

THE terrible prevalence of cholera in Spain can be imagined when it is stated that there have been over 150,000 cases and nearly 62,000 deaths.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

The newspapers and their outfits in the United States are valued at \$96,500,560.

It took the Mississippi democrats 19 hours to nominate T. M. Miller for Attorney General.

The St. Louis Sugar Refining Company, with a capital stock of \$750,000, has been organized.

Maxwell, the St. Louis trunk murderer, has been identified as Hugh M. Brooke, of Cheeshire, England.

Two dozen hen-eggs and a peck of cymbals were found in a snake recently killed in Warren county.

The German corvette *Angosta* has been wrecked. Her crew of 233 men were lost. The ship was valued at \$1,750,000.

John H. Audermorte, who robbed the sub-treasury of \$27,000, at New Orleans, and fled to Mexico, has been captured at Monterey.

The embezzlements, defalcations, and robberies in the Federal offices at New Orleans since the close of the war foot up over \$1,500,000.

Mitchell, the drunken man who killed his son by attempting to shoot an apple from his head, at Greenville, Miss., has been indicted for murder.

The Buffalo *Telegraph*, the paper that discovered the Rev. Ball and Mrs. Maria Halpin, has gone down in fifty fathoms of contempt and taken \$65,000 with it.

Transfer of gold coin from the San Francisco sub-treasury to New York by mail has been resumed. About \$11,000,000 have already been shipped in this manner.

Ex Senator Grover, of Oregon, is now said to be the man to whom the President wrote his scathing letter, and Judge Dawne, of Alaska, the man that caused the correspondence.

Thomas and Sarah White, brother and sister, were committed to the Flatbush Insane Asylum, N. Y. For thirteen years they lived together as man and wife, and had several children.

The Cunard steamer, *Etruria*, arrived off Fastnet on Friday, having made the passage from New York in 6 days 5 hours 35 minutes—the fastest on record—(London (Eng.) Echo, Aug. 10).

The body of the pretty flower found in the Ohio at Louisville has been identified as Miss L. H. Nourse, who had lost faith in God and man in her effort to live an honorable and virtuous life.

Masked men rode into Dalton, Ga., and proceeded quietly to the home of Tom Carver, a notorious sneak-thief. They dragged him from his house to a sequestered spot and whipped him to death.

The Mississippi democrats resolved "that in the policy of President Cleveland, so far as disclosed, we see not only nothing to condemn, but everything to inspire confidence in his wisdom, integrity and statesmanship, and we hereby express our unqualified endorsement of the same."

A freight train on the Chesapeake & Southwestern railroad ran into a tree that had been blown across the track 12 miles from Louisville and was thrown down an embankment, killing the engineer, Tom Sherrell, Filburn, the fireman and Peak, a brakeman. Seven cars were destroyed.

The annual report of the Louisville & Nashville railroad for the year ending June 30 shows gross earnings, \$13,936,346, a decrease of \$464,746 compared with the preceding year; operating expenses, \$8,182,255, a decrease of \$641,527; net earnings, \$5,754,091, an increase of \$226,781; surplus, \$1,356,969.

During the storm last Saturday night lightning struck the electric wires at the Louisville Exposition, destroying the current and leaving the place in darkness. The audience in Music Hall was greatly frightened and a panic was about to ensue, when Damrosch, the leader of the orchestra, called on his musicians to play and the music quelled the excitement.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

Mr. D. C. May, Boyle county's Representative-elect in the next Legislature, was in town to-day.

James Hocker and Alice Hocker were tried this morning on a charge of receiving stolen chickens. James was acquitted and Alice held in \$50 bond.

Extensive preparations have been made for the Catholic Picnic at Junction City Thursday. The best of order will be maintained and everybody who wishes to can have a good time.

Mrs. H. D. Bittman, of St. Louis, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Wm. Warren, will start home to-morrow, (Tuesday). Mrs. Pittman is the author of several successful operettas and is a regular contributor to the *Post-Dispatch*.

While playing at the home of his parents near town, John, the ten-year-old son of Simeon Slaughter, jumped upon a large thorn which penetrated one of his toes in such a manner that Mr. Slaughter had to bring him to town to have it extracted. The operation was so painful that Dr. Dunlap administered chloroform before performing it.

GEO. O. BARNES.

Gets in a Good Word for the Hotel Clerk and then Visits Pompeii.

ALWAYS FRAINING THE LORD.

"PROSPECT POINT," LANDOUR, N. INDIA, July 4th, 1885.

CONTINENTAL TOUR CONTINUED.

NAPLES, Feb. 27, '85.—We had another delicious concert last night, till late bedtime. The clerks in the office say they hear it every night until they get tired of it. At which we wonder where weariness can come in, with such exquisite melody touching the tympanum with its mellow chords. But the hotel clerk is a hard-worked official, to whom sentiment is a stranger more than to most employees. Music is noise and racket to him, with whom racket is such a normal condition, that quiet stillness is the only thing he craves. Perhaps it is an aggravation to hear the francs rattling on the pavement without dropping into his pocket, who gets scant pay for harder work than the musician is doing. I am trying to make excuses for the hotel clerk, for there must be some reason for his being so hard-hearted.

Meanwhile the music goes on whether the hotel clerk likes it or not, for the street is public property and the money must be forthcoming to feed the hungry ones at home, who will pine for their macaroni if it be not forthcoming.

Our orchestra had among things pathetic and sentimental a very funny donkey song; with a haying accompaniment. The plot as Newbery laughingly explained, was the lament of an owner of a donkey, because he would not go. He tries various plans until almost in despair; then he declares the owner of a donkey the most wretched man in existence. Anon, a happy thought strikes him. He fixes a bundle of hay in front of him, yet just out of reach. Dobbin is off after it with a joyous ray of expectation and his happy owner declares that a donkey is a charming creature after all, and his owner the happiest of men. Then they had another, which was a great favorite with us all, in the comic line. Two lovers start on the Funicular Railway, as they call it, that has been lately been built to facilitate the ascent of Vesuvius. Their baps and mishaps are funnily described in one of the most exquisite melodies I ever heard. The music is simply ravishing. The chorus "Funicule Funicula" with its burst of instrumental accompaniment, rings in my ears yet; yet, singular to say, none of the party, though with excellent ears for music, all around, were ever able to reproduce the air—often as we heard it during our visit. So it remains only a delightful memory of the happy, unfixable, yet most vivid kind. We didn't know a word of Italian, yet, even before dear N. interpreted for us, the music had half told us.

To-day, with lunch duly prepared, and admirable carriages, twain, we went to POMPEII.

He who can go over this buried city without sentimentalizing, I pity from the bottom of my heart. But it needs not, therefore, that I spread my sentiment on paper. I made the mistake of many—who have not carefully "read up" the subject—of thinking that I should have to follow a guide, with a lantern in my hand groping underground as in the Catacombs. So I was hardly prepared for an unroofed city, all hared to the light of day. Seeing it thus "excavated" seemed a misnomer, until I went where the royal workmen are yet exhuming away, at the still buried portions of the city, carefully removing the sifted deposits of 1,800 years, and then as I looked at the great heaps, where solid blocks of houses and intersecting streets still await the lifting hand of patient industry to bring them out, in turn, to the light they have not seen for so many centuries; I began to turn with keener appreciation, to the portion already resurrected. Otherwise the whole looks very like the "buried district" in any great city after a mighty fire, where the streets have been carefully cleared out and the debris removed, yet without rebuilding.

But when it gets through one, that he is walking along the roadways of an unhumed city—1800 years buried—the impression is perfectly overwhelming.

The first thing you notice is the solidly substantial character of the pavements. Squared blocks of lava, set in mosaic fashion, in the chief streets and well put down cobble stones, in even the narrowest lanes and alleys, tell well for the heathen of 2000 years "lang syne." At the corners, great crossing stones, set up on their edges, furnished steps for pedestrians, and the edges, rounded by contact with the wheels of many passing vehicles, wore a very modern look. I have seen almost the same in many an American city and village. Perhaps the notion came from Pompeii. Drinking fountains were liberally scattered through the cities, and the places where contact of innumerable hands had worn ridges in the solid rocks, and even where many thousands of lips had done the same at the orifice where the refreshing stream gushed out, were manifest and remarkable. Specimens of public and domestic life abound at every turn. Here a temple with the pedestals where elegant statues once stood; the altar in ruins, but still recognizable, the apocryphal courts, the inner apartments of the priests. There a hall of justice with its ample apartments. Further on the Forum, or "Royal Exchange" where business was transacted. Shops and baths and private houses by the hundreds—all just as it was covered up 1800 years ago, even the paint on the walls fresh and bright. Then in the museum, eight figures—in attitudes, just as they perished—of human beings, adult and young, pathetic exceedingly to behold. Although of course the soft parts of the bodies decayed, their forms remained imprinted on the ashes in which they were imbedded, which afterwards hardened in the lapse of ages almost into stone. The present superintendent of excavations when the workmen came upon a body adopted the plan of carefully removing the bones from the hollow space, through an aperture of the crust and then filling the cavity with plaster; in this way giving the exact appearance as to attitude of the poor creature at the time of the death struggle. It must not be supposed that in this city of 30,000, even the greater portion perished. The first premonition of the great catastrophe was a shower of ashes that covered the town to the depth of 3 feet, allowing time to most to escape. Probably those who perished, were chiefly, those who returned afterwards to recure valuables, while many were doubtless paralyzed with fear and so let the golden moments, available for escape slip by. The whole number that perished is estimated at 2,000.

The strata of superincumbent material in course of removal tells the awful tale. First the shower of ashes—3 feet in depth, then a fiery deluge of red hot pumice stones, of all sizes—increasing the depth 8 feet. This must have been certain destruction to all life left in the doomed city. Then fresh showers of ashes, then another plutonian rain of pumice, until 20 feet of this diabolical winding sheet enwrapped the helpless place and hid the very site from view.

Of course excavations would be made by the survivors, soon after the catastrophe to recover valuables, and for two or three hundred years the ruins were irregularly ransacked to find statues and treasures. Then all knowledge of the place was blotted out until 1748, when the accidental discovery of a statue and bronze utensils, by a peasant, led to the rediscovery of Pompeii. Again an irregular ransack took place with many articles of value brought to light.

Napoleon's kinsman—Murat—was the first to begin systematic excavation, and the regular exhumation of the whole, is now being steadily, if slowly carried on, by the Italian government, under able, scientific superintendence. It is estimated that 70 years time and an expenditure of 5 millions of francs will finish the job.

But I am writing so very like a guide book that you will begin to suspect me, if you have not already discovered that a lot of the above information is cribbed from Baedeker—which I hereby acknowledge before being found out. A curious explorer will, easily, by consulting "Baedeker" (as our irreverent friends from Norwich familiarly entitled the prince of guide book writers and compilers) discover where my deep historical illusions come from. I expressly disclaim originality, even if I have been credited with it. I only claim to "tell the story as 'twas told to me" by "Baedeker" and others.

We spent a delightful day at Pompeii—going out by carriage the 14 miles—much the pleasantest way of making the trip, for the drive along the margin of the bay is a romance in itself, and the towns thro' which you pass, are full of history of the thrilling Vesuvian sort. Bro. Newbery makes one live everything over again by his vivid descriptions. We passed Ismael Pasha's straggling palace, where the ex Khedive of Egypt has his harem, and occasionally dwells himself, when weary of wandering around the capitals of Europe, in triguing for the restoration of his lost throne. Torre del Greco, is remarkable for an ancient tower—giving name to the modern city—of which I am still buried in lava. The other 2 is about 50 feet high. Lava "to right of us"—lava "to left of us"—lava everywhere. Houses built of it; streets paved with it; ghastly utility when one thinks of it, but what better can be done with the diabolical stuff? "Good out of evil"—again is read out in the lava, as in the fertile Vesuvian ashes. But never good and evil confounded. Thanks aver-lasting and adoring, for the sweet alchemy of grace, that can even turn the devil's fire into life sustaining crops.

Marie had her little dog in the carriage. The day before, moved by sheer pity, she had purchased the little creature from a street gambo, for a trifle; smuggled him to her room in a lunch basket—fearing the hotel authorities might demur, took him to bed with them—where he promptly scattered enough flies to keep her and Georgia semi-wakeful all night; and not knowing what else to do with him, smuggled him out in the lunch basket again and took him off to Pompeii. A nice little "purp"—appealing to pity in his pretty, awkward ways, with soft, woolly black coat, and white socks—some species of spaniel—most likely. Dear Newbery has promised to adopt him, to bring him up properly, and call him "Troupe" in honor of our visit. When we went in to look at the ruins, we left him in charge of a cripple, with a liberal lunch, and promise of a gratuity, when we came out. The little chap cuddled up to the bundle of rags with as much delight as he did to his better dressed owners. A "pleb"ian—every inch of him—evidently.

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W. H. HIGGINS,

—DEALER IN—

Hardware, Horse Shoes, Groceries, Saddles, Iron, Nails, Queensware, Buggy Whips, Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Cane Mills, Harness, Spokes, Grates, Cider Mills, Lap Covers, Rhin, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars,

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roofing and Gutting will have prompt attention.

Salemen { W. B. McKinney, John Bright, Jr.

THE NEW GROCERY AND HARDWARE HOUSE OF

TAYLOR BROS.

HUSTONVILLE, KY.

Would kindly ask your attention to the fact that they have just returned from the cities with a large and well selected stock of CHOICE

FAMILY GROCERIES

In endless variety, dainty in quality and satisfactory in price; this we guarantee. Our aim shall be at all times to supply every want in our line.

OUR HARDWARE AND POCKET CUTLERY

Consists of the Standard Brands of Europe and America. Our large line of Cooking Stoves includes the justly celebrated "Great Western Kettles" and many other family favorites. Our China, Glass and Queensware stock consists in part of Table, Tea and Chamber sets complete, Glassware richly cut and etched. In the way of Bread-stuffs we have Buckwheat Flour, the queen of all flours. Our celebrated Patent "G. M." Flour, unrivaled for cake and pastry, while Rice and Hominy, our own patriotic products, are as faithful adjuncts. All the delicacies in Foreign and Domestic Confections are here. Tin, Stone, Wooden and Willowware, Electric Lamps, Stationery, Canned Meats and Fruits and a complete line of Cigars and Tobacco. Well, this is only a hint of what we have. Believing that we can make it to your interest, we confidently ask an examination of our goods and your patronage. Respectfully, TAYLOR BROTHERS.

Penny & M'Alister

PHARMACISTS.

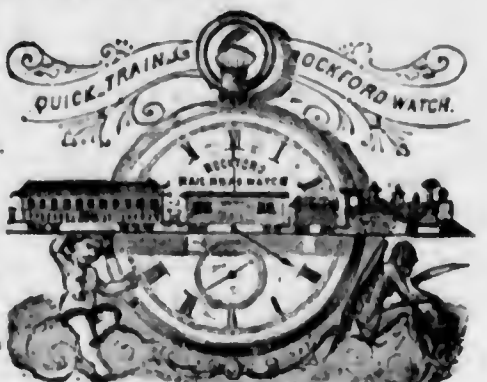
Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.

JEWELERS.

The Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware

Ever bought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice and Warranted.



B. K. WEAREN,

UNDERTAKER,

—AND— Dealer in Furniture!

A Full and complete assortment of Furniture, embracing everything from the Cheapest to the Finest Parlor Suites. No need to go to the large cities to make your purchases, no matter what quantity or quality you want, as I can and will duplicate any prices you can obtain elsewhere, freight being added. Also a full assortment of Coffins, Cases, Shrouds and Robes, embracing all the New Styles, both cheap and expensive. Ware rooms opposite St. Asaph Hotel, Stanford, Ky.

PLEASE DON'T FORGET

That we carry the Largest Stock of Groceries, Hardware and Queensware in the city;

That we are Millers' Agents and wholesale depot for Flour and Meal;

That our stock of Pleasure Vehicles, including everything from a Road Cart to a Barouche, is always complete,

And that we guarantee Lowest Prices, style and finish considered.

Also, that we still handle the celebrated Wagons, "Old Hickory" and Mitchell.

Big line of Farming Implements, Grain Drills, Turning Plows, both riding and walking,

And all of which we guarantee at Lowest prices.

BRIGHT & CURRAN.

BASE BALL

Our boys sustained another crushing defeat at the hands of the Danville team on the 21st. Home was unable to play and Johnston, our new pitcher, occupied the box. He did splendid work and was well caught by Bellman, but was not well supported in the field. Johnston was punished for eight hits, two of which were three-baggers, while the home boys secured eleven hits off Peabody. Johnston made twelve of the visitors fan the wind. Peabody only six. A great number of ladies were present, who left somewhat disgusted at the turn of affairs. The following is the result:

Innings.....1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9-T.
Danville.....1 4 1 0 1 2 2 2 0-13
Stanford.....0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1
Earned Runs-Danville, 2. Three-Base Hits-Danville, 2. Two-Base Hits-Stanford, 1. Passed Balls-Bellman 2; Harper 1. Wild Pitches-Johnston, 2; Peabody, 1. First Base on Errors-Danville, 1. Struck Out-by Johnston, 12; by Peabody, 6. Batter Hit-by Johnston, 1.

Our boys have made the beautiful record of winning one out of five games. They must do better.

The Danville boys have erected a new and commodious grand stand on their grounds with a seating capacity of two hundred and fifty.

The home boys play in Danville to-day. They next appear at Harrodsburg the 28th and 29th, and then come home and play the Danvilles again on the 3rd of September.

As the boys were standing before the Myers House last Friday, dressed in their knee breeches and red stockings, preparatory to going out to the base ball grounds, Uncle Pate Embree took a good look at their huge feet and exceedingly small legs and remarked: "Their legs look like a deer's, but their feet look like a bear's."

The boys feel a little comforted that they are not yet the tail end of the league, the Harrodsburg having surpassed their bad record, losing seven out of eight games. Little George Dunn sawed the air yesterday for the first time in his life. His face was the picture of disgust, for one of the prettiest girls in the county had promised him a kiss for every score he made.

White is the best batter in the league. In the five games played with visitors, he has never failed to secure a hit every time he came to the bat.

Our boys suffered another defeat Saturday, the Lancaster's defeating them in a game of 11 innings, 13 to 12. In view of this an amateur nine composed of Dave Edmiston, Hugh Reid, Joe Waters, Will Bright, Jess Hocker, Ewing Hayden, Jim Craig, Masteron Peyton and Bob Finzel have challenged them for an exhibition game on the 25th, the victors to have the gate receipts; at least such a challenge was shown in our office yesterday.

Sells Bros! Enormous Confederation of Railroad Shows.

On Wednesday, September 2, at Stanford the surrounding county will have an opportunity of witnessing what is undoubtedly the largest, the best, the greatest and the purest show on earth. Honest in its advertising, it exhibits everything it advertises. Honest in the manner in which it is conducted, it is free from that obnoxious feature, the "candy butcher." It is known the world over as the most complete show, in all its branches, ever beheld. The Zoological collection embraces every beast of which mankind has any knowledge. The Star Arena exhibition, or circus proper, beats the world, and consists of 200 star artists, giving a wonderful exhibition in the great circus rings, six acts at one and the same time, or a total of more than one hundred acts, in one exhibition, afternoon or night.

What the Minneapolis Tribune says regarding the wonderful show:

The Circus—Such a crowd as rushed in upon Sells Bros! last evening is rarely seen at a circus, even in Minneapolis. Long before the performance commenced, it was necessary to close the doors—there being from 11,000 to 12,000 people, packed like sardines in a box, inside the tent. The performance was an admirable one throughout, out, Willie Sells, who has no equal as a bareback rider, Frank Gardner and Adelaide Cordona, all performed admirable equestrian acts. The Diamond Brothers and Frank Gardner, all proved themselves wonderful tumbler; Ada Purvis, in a slack wire and globe act was artistic; the Sirik Family performed wonders with the bicycle, and Mlle Margretta was a most daring aerial artist. Each feature advertised was presented, and nothing was indifferently performed. The Sells Bros are justly entitled to the good name they have won as honest and excellent caterers to the patrons of the sawdust arena.

We can say from our own knowledge that the wonderful menagerie is the greatest zoological collection on earth, including all known quadrupeds, wild and wonderful, ever classified in zoology, including in it a vast entirety the only living pair of hippopotami ever beheld, and the only giraffes now on exhibition anywhere. The completeness of the show as a whole is certainly unequalled.

Twenty-five cents a gallon is the price at which a noted Chicago ice cream manufacturer is prepared to supply Sunday school pious with ice cream. This is how he makes it. To five gallons of skim milk, adding twenty cents, he adds half a pound of oleomargarine, a pound of corn starch, half an ounce of gelatine and the requisite glucose and flavoring.

The fences in the United States have cost nearly \$1,500,000,000, or a sum nearly equal to our national debt.

Three creameries in Madison county Iowa, pay to the farmers from \$125,000 to \$150,000.

A Cosmopolitan Colossean Confederated Creation!

A PROLIFIC PROCREATION OF THE WORLD'S WONDERS.

Immoderately and Monstrously Predominant!

Particularly, Remarkably and Notably Complete!

SELLS BROTHERS'

MONSTER RAILROAD SHOWS!



Now All United in One Vast Unified Confederation!

The Largest Show in the World!

WILL EXHIBIT AT

Stanford!

—ON—

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 20!

In all its towering and overpowering grandeur, it is coming on its own GREAT TRAINS and is drawn by its own locomotives, with its regiment of ARTISTS and ARTISANS and its wonders never before exhibited. Greater than the greatest. Larger than the largest. Better than the best. With a thousand new, wonderful and attractive features to be seen with no other show or shows under heaven's sweeping canopy. Its size is so great, its influence so all-prevailing that every railroad makes SPECIAL excursion rates to every performance.

It Comes with the Laurel-Crowned Legion of Two Hemispheres!

200 SURPRISING AND ASTONISHING STARS! 200

Of which we name a few at random, being confined for space:

Senor Don Jerenimo Bell,

The Greatest 4-horse Rider of any Age or Country.

M'LE ADELAIDE CORDONA,

The Famous Andalusian Artist, whose equal does not live. The Greatest Lady Bareback Rider ever beheld.

Mr. WILLIAM SELLS,

The Flying 7-horse Equestrian Champion.

Mr. Frank H. Gardner,

The Astounding High and Lifty Leaper, who stands without a rival.

Mlle Margretta,

Iron-Jawed Herculean Venus and Queen of the Flying Ring.

Miss Mildred Gardner,

The Beautiful, Graceful and Intrepid Manège Equestrienne.

Wonderful Aerial Stunts, Troupes of Triple Somersaultists, Troupes of Flying Lemmings, Troupes of Antipodeanists, Troupes of Jugglers, Troupes of Sword Leapers, the Diamond Brothers, Athletes, the Wonderful Leslie Brothers, the Great Donaldson Brothers.

The American Trio,

On Roman Ladders.

The Great Romani Brothers, and Fully Two Hundred Others.

Our Monster All-Including World's Menagerie.

Containing every animal known to man, and made world-famous by the only living pair of Hippopotami ever beheld in captivity. A monster Male and Female.

HIPPOPOTAMUS,

The true Behemoth immortalized by the inspired writings of Holy Job.

El Mahdi and Egypta,

Our Noble-Minded Nubian Lion—the finest animals of their kind on earth.

AFRIC AND EBSON,

Our Coal-Black Tiger—the only Ebon-Hued Felines ever seen.

The Only Monster Two Horned

Rhinoceros!!

On exhibition in America; and positively the only Grand, Graceful and Towering

GIRAFFES!

On exhibition in the whole world. Ten teams of Elephants in Silk and Silver Harness, gaily caparisoned, drawing Ten Golden Chariots. Elephants in harness, Elephants building Pyramids, Elephants at Drill.

Herds of Camels, Herds of Elephants, Herds of Giraffes, Herds of Lions, Herds of Leopards, Herds of Brumaries, Herds of Polar Bears, Herds of Wild Tigers.

Herds of Kangaroos, Herds of Antelopes, Herds of Zebras, Herds of Moose, Herds of Lagunas, Herds of Hens, Herds of Polar Bears, Herds of Wild Tigers.

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A Far-Away Western Wilderness Show,

Showing costumes, costumes, traits and characteristics of

North American Indians, Scouts,

Cow Boys and Frontiersmen,

By Genuine Representatives of the Class named.

A Full and Complete Japanese Circus,

—And—

The Greatest Arabian Circus ever Beheld.

A grand Autochthonic Collection, consisting of a conjugal cavalcade of nations, in which mankind is represented by all National Types and forms—the greatest Earth-Embroidered, Ethnological Entirety ever exhibited.

Our Grand, Spectacular, Stately, Splendid, Sumptuous, Flashing, Flaming

Street Pageant

With flourish of Trumpets, beating of Drums, flying colors, flags, banners and lanterns, making

A Grand, Triumphant Jubilation of Inconceivable Splendor.

Over-reaching all the previous shows of pomp and pageantry, is given on the morning of our entry, free of charge to all. A scene of showy splendor on the highway to town.

Deus by the Score of Wild Animals Open on the Streets. Twelve Bands of Music. Harnessed Elephants, Camels, Elks, Brumaries and Zebras. The Grandest Street Procession Ever Witnessed.

Pension Claims Prosecuted WITHOUT FEE

Unless successful. Twenty years experience. Apply to
MILOR B. STEVENS & CO.
OFFICES: Washington, D.C., Cleveland, O., Detroit, Mich., Chicago, Ill.

LUMBER YARD.

Having opened up a lumber yard in the rear of our store, we are now

Prepared to furnish any kind of Lumber

In the rough. Posts of all kinds. Shingles cut, sawed and shaved. Also Agents for the Danville Planing Mills.

29-31
BRIGHT & CURRAN.

Desirable Town Property.

I desire to sell my dwelling-house in Stanford, situated on the corner of Main Street and Logan Avenue.

The lot fronts 170 feet on Main Street and 800 on Logan Avenue. The house is frame, newly repaired and has six rooms and upper and lower halls.

Outbuildings good, and a good selection of fruit trees on the lot. Will sell at bargain to the purchaser.

41-47
J. W. ALCONY,
Stanford, Ky.

"St. Mary's Saw Mills"

AND LUMBER YARD.

On top of the Knob, close by J. Carter's Grocery Store.

FOOTE & WHEELER, Proprietors.

For all kinds of general Lumber, Shingles, etc., builders and others can not find a better market to suit themselves. Our motto is "Good Material for Reasonable Rates." Postoffice address, Halls Gap, Ky.

LUMBER!

Dressed Pine Flooring, Ceiling, Weather Boards, Finishing Lumber, Green Lumber in the Rough, including

Laths and Shingles.

For the convenience of our customers in Stanford and vicinity we have arranged with Geo. D. Weaver to keep on his yards an assortment of our Lumber, where they can get it as cheap as from us direct. He will also make estimates for any bills not on hand, which we will fill on short notice.

23-25
MELVIN & DAVIS,
Lilly, Ky.

MYERS HOTEL,

STANFORD, KY.

E. H. BURNSIDE, - Prop.

This Old and Well-Known Hotel Still Maintains its

High Reputation.

—AND—

Its Proprietor is Determined that it shall be second to no Country

Hotel in the State in its Fare, Appointments, or Attention to Comfort of their Guests.

Baggage will be conveyed to and from the depot free of charge. Special accommodations to Commercial Travelers. The Bar will always be supplied with the choicest brands of Liquors and Cigars.

29-31
Dr. E. J. Nickerson,

Physician and Surgeon.

Office on 4th St. - - Danville, Ky.

Piles and Fistula Perfectly Cured.

No Knife, Ligature or Caustic Used.

Treatment Mild. No Detention From Business.

Cure Certain and Permanent. No Cure, No Pay.

Special Attention also Given to Chronic Kidney & Bladder Troubles.

As well as all Diseases peculiar to Women.

Charges moderate. Dr. N. can be consulted free of charge and will be found at his office at all times at the next three months.

By permission he refers to the following gentlemen: J. S. Bosley, M. A. Lackey, S. Irwin, Stanford, Ky.; Judge F. Lee, Tom Murphy, W. P. Temple, John M. Spennard, Sam Cook, Danville, Ky.; Rev. J. A. Bugh, Hustonville, Ill.; D. Sutton, J. S. Robinson, Lancaster, Ky.; Thos. B. Baker, C. C. Chubb, Kirkland, Ky.; J. A. Johnson, J. A. Bugh, Lexington, Ky.; J. P. Daniel, McKittney, Ky.; G. J. Bosley, Lebanon, Ky.; Geo. Lewis, Campbellsville, Ky.; A. A. McMillin, Bowling Green, Ky.; Geo. Bolton, Judge J. W. Hughes, Harrodsburg, Ky.; C. C. Shumate, McAfee, Ky.

29-31
ECZEMA!

For the benefit of suffering humanity and in heartfelt gratitude for the wonderful results I deem it my duty to give this uncollected testimony in favor of Swift's Specific. My wife has been afflicted with heretofore Eczema or Salt Rheum upon her infancy; it has increased in intensity with each succeeding spring, and being somewhat skilled in my line myself, I tried every remedy I could think of for years—without avail. I combined with every form of "Eczema," pills of every kind and hundreds of other remedies, but none and all washes of every kind, but they all gave only temporary relief. During the spring of 1884 her lower extremities became so inflamed and sore that she was obliged to keep them constantly cooled with a covering of "Vaseline's Eczema," mixed wet and allowed to dry out. Among other things, she was afflicted with a peculiar nervous headache, occurring regularly every seven days, sometimes followed by intermittent fever for weeks at a time, so that her life became a burden to her.

This spring I determined that she should take S. & S. and follow strictly the directions in regard to dose, diet, etc. This was about seven weeks ago. After taking the first large bottle the disease seemed to increase; the burning, itching and inflammation became unbearable. She, however, persevered in the use of the medicine. After taking the second bottle the inflammation began to subside. After the third bottle the inflammation disappeared, sore spots dried up and turned white and scaly and finally she brushed them off in an insupportable white powder resembling pure salt. She is now taking the sixth bottle, three table-spoonful four times daily. Every appearance of the disease has gone and her flesh is becoming soft, white and smooth again; and what is more, her psoriasis has disappeared and she is now, at 33 years of age, enjoying the only good health she has known for nearly 15 years. She wonders she dares with emphasis that every sufferer of S. & S. is worth a thousand times its weight in gold.

Any further information concerning her case will be cheerfully given by herself at her residence, 135 Mulford street, or by mail.

JAMES L. GRADLEY,
41 Griswold street.

Detroit, Mich., May 16, 1885.

Be sure to get the genuine and send for Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, free. For sale by all druggists. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,

DRAWER 3, ALBANY, N. Y.

157 W. 21st St., New York.

DR. BIGGERS'



NUCLEBERRY CORDIAL

For the BOWELS.

Dr. Biggers' Nucleberry Cordial is the great medicine remedy for cutting Nucleberry, Dysentery, Cramp Colic and all bowel affections, and restoring the little one suffering with a distress upon the system from the effects of nursing. For sale by all druggists at 50 cents a bottle.

For the Bowels of the Sick, Dr. Biggers' Nucleberry Cordial is the great medicine remedy for cutting Nucleberry, Dysentery, Cramp Colic and all bowel affections, and restoring the little one suffering with a distress upon the system from the effects of nursing. For sale by all druggists at 50 cents a bottle.

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